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Contents for Week of November 9, 1936. Vol. XV. No. 18.

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Photograph by E. John Long

"THE BALANCE OF TRADE" IN PATZUM

Hand scales are used by Guatemalan Indian venders of grain, sugar, incense, and dried fish in outdoor market places of the highland villages. Here, at a little mountain town west of Guatemala City, a gayly costumed woman is weighing out corn as the customer (left) tightly clutches a couple of coins. Note the folded headcloths, or *tzutes* (see Bulletin No. 2).

HOW TEACHERS MAY OBTAIN THE BULLETINS

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El Escorial, Where Spain Buried Her Past Royalty

"NO PASARON!" ("They Shall Not Pass!") was the motto of Spanish government troops defending a great bulge in their front line near Escorial. For a time it seemed as though this mountain town, 30 miles northwest of Madrid, would be the Verdun of the Spanish civil war.

Terrific bombardments shattered the peace of the secluded town where, almost 400 years ago, Philip II thought Spain's dead royalty might sleep forever undisturbed. This obscure place, Escorial, gets its name and fame from El Escorial ("the charred remains"), massive granite structure which the monarch built for the burial of his father, himself, and their dynasty to follow. It has served as tomb for nine kings, queens more numerous, and other royalty.

Within its gloomy walls, about half as extensive as those of the Department of Commerce Building in Washington, D. C., are palace, church, monastery, college, library (see illustration, next page), and tomb. Its size, style, and associations make it notable among the more unusual buildings of Europe.

Double Town for Work and Vacation

The town which surrounds El Escorial is a double one, divided by its location on the rugged Guadarramas, which here begin to roll upward toward the bleak grandeur of their bare summits. Lower Escorial is a workaday settlement just high enough to look out over the treeless plain which stretches to Madrid. Upper Escorial's social level aspired to climb with its greater altitude, and it became a summer resort for wealthy Madrileños. Several villas, a pair of acacia-shaded streets, a school of forestry, and three small hotels give it a jaunty air.

With the exception of the Guadarramas, however, everything is dwarfed by El Escorial, grim and grand. It spreads a rectangle of battleship gray across the mountain's sparsely wooded flank, large enough for the palace of kings, severe enough for the castle of death.

Granite towers at the four corners, towers and a dome from the church in the middle, thousands of feet of unrelieved granite walls stand as solidly on the mountainside as if they had grown there. In fact, they did "grow" not far away, where their stones were gouged from the hills. Massive blocks for the main portal were dragged into place by forty span of oxen.

Gloomy Without, Gorgeous Within

Inside, the granite blooms like the rose. Marble, porphyry, jasper, and bronze show their polished surfaces on stairways and halls. Walls of the Palace apartments are given warmth by tapestries of colors richly blended, for which a generation or two of Madrid needlewomen labored over designs by Goya and Rubens. One apartment of four rooms has walls of marquetry, where inlaid woods wear the sheen of satin. Fresco decoration is lavish enough to be measured not by the picture but by the yard—a thousand, it is said.

Guides lapse into statistics for summarizing the immense variety of El Escorial—16 courtyards, 15 cloisters, 88 fountains, 86 staircases; but although the figures don't lie, they cannot tell all. Forty altars become a pale statistic, hinting nothing of their richness; to decorate a single one, an artist traveled from Milan and spent seven years in El Escorial carving an altarpiece 90 feet high.

Compared to the clamorous scheme of palace ornament, the private apartment

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Photograph by Luis Marden

AS AN INDIAN FUNERAL MARCHES SOLEMNLY BY, BAREFOOT SOLDIERS HALT THEIR DRILL

Men of Santo Tomás Chichicastenango, wearing their strange black jackets and short breeches, are followed by women dressed in the blue skirts and purple blouses typical of this picturesque Guatemalan Indian town. The soldiers, mostly of mixed blood, wear nondescript outfits (see Bulletin No. 2).

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Guatemala City Fiesta To Bring Out Gay Indian Garb

VISITORS to the fiesta, or trade fair, to be held in Guatemala City beginning November 15, may think that the Indians in native dress are "putting on a show."

Guatemala, however, is one of the few remaining places in the Western Hemisphere where bright costumes and gay fabrics are still to be found in everyday use.

In contrast to the Indians of neighboring Mexico, whose dress consists chiefly of white pajamas, a *serape* (small blanket), and straw sombrero, or those of next-door El Salvador, who wear faded overalls and cheap cotton shirts and blouses, the Indians of the Guatemala highlands have a garb almost Oriental in its brilliant coloring, original designs, and symbolism.

Travelers who touch at only the ports of Guatemala, Puerto Barrios (on the Gulf of Honduras), or San José (on the Pacific), will find nothing but ragged porters and fishermen, dressed like the people to be seen in almost any Latin American port. Even in the cosmopolitan capital, Guatemala City, far inland and nearly a mile above sea level, the attire of the street crowds does not differ greatly from that of the people of Havana, Mexico, D. F., or Managua.

Finest Costumes Among Highland Tribes

Now and then, however, one may pass a swarthy, heavy-set man, jogging silently along, usually with an enormous burden on his back, which he holds in place with a tumpline across his forehead. If he is a highland Indian, his clothing will be the first thing that catches the eye. Perhaps he may be wearing a brilliant scarlet shirt, decorated with embroidered birds and animals; or long striped trousers; or a purple scarf, or a black jacket and short breeches. Behind him may trot his wife and their children, the boys dressed in miniature replicas of their father's costume, and the girls, no matter how tiny, clothed like their mother.

With a population that is almost three-quarters full-blooded Indian, much of Guatemala is unaffected by modern ways. Back among its smoking volcanoes, mountain lakes, and jagged canyons are tribes that have maintained a proud semi-independence as farmers, weavers, and pottery makers. They were conquered by the Spaniards in the 16th century, but, after the armies passed, there were few changes in the daily life of the highland Indians. Churches were built, houses and roads improved; fabrics replaced feathers and animal skins.

But the highland Indians clung to their old traditions and culture. Aristocrats among the native peoples of Central America, they elect their own village officials, and their petitions are given prompt hearings by the Government at Guatemala City.

Each District Has Different Garb

Every district and almost every village has its distinctive costume. The designs, decorations, and fabrics employed, both for men and for women, are the same throughout the district. Those who know the various costumes can name at a glance the locality from which an Indian hails. The Indian might just as well be wearing a license plate around his neck stating: "I am from Sololá," or "I am from Santo Tomás Chichicastenango."

Men of Sololá almost always wear a small checkered blanket, of brown and white or black and white wool, that hangs from a belt to their knees. Striped red shirts and loose white pants with thin red lines are other means of identifying them.

Chichicastenango men's outfits are perhaps the most striking and bizarre of all (see illustration, page 2). Close-fitting black jackets and short black breeches are blazingly decorated with sunbursts, scarlet fringe, and fancy needlework. The design is said to be adapted from 16th-century Spanish garb, and it recalls descriptions of similar dress in "Don Quixote." A scarlet sash, and a red or purple handkerchief around the head, give a rakish pirate effect.

It is a rare occasion when an Indian from Todos Santos (which means "all saints") is seen outside of his native western mountain village. But he is noticed instantly on account of his red and white striped trousers, blue coat, and high-perched sombrero. Visitors from the United States have dubbed these Indians "Uncle Sam Boys," due to their remarkable resemblance to the cartoon character, of which they have probably never heard.

Not far from Todos Santos is another little village, San Martin Chili Verde (meaning "St. Martin of the Green Peppers"), whose men wear enormously long capes and skirts, which sometimes drag on the ground and have to be removed for work in the fields. This *capixaij* is believed to have been copied from the Spanish cape-and-skirt worn by early priests.

Indian names for some of the more common items of dress are strange and have a pleasant sound as they are rattled off during bartering at the village markets. Blouses are known as *huipiles;* skirts as *refajos;* necklaces as *chechales;* handy cloths or napkins as *tzutes* (see illustration, page 1); straw raincoats as *zuyacales.*

As in the bird kingdom, the male usually wears the most brilliant dress, but in a few

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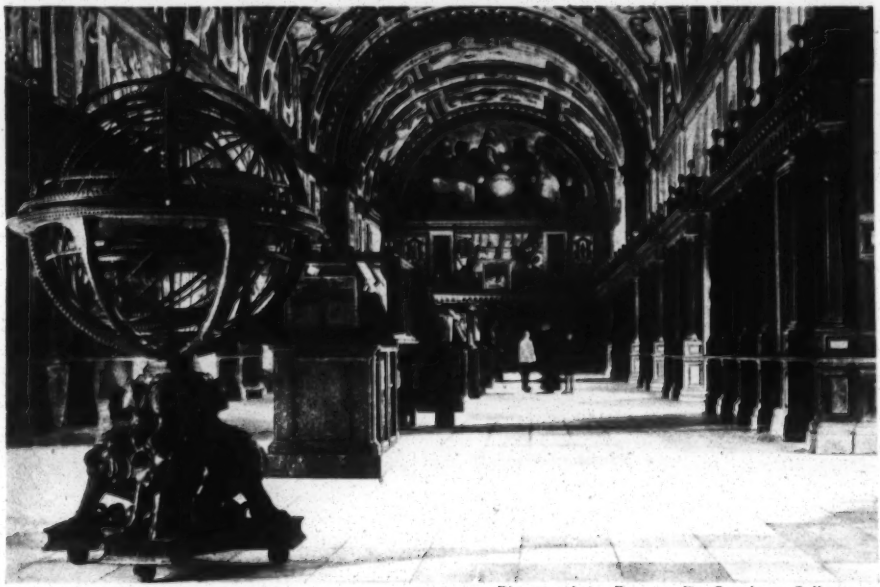
of Philip II is like a sudden silence. He received ambassadors from the world's potentates in a small Audience Room with whitewashed walls and a floor of brick, barely furnished with a few chairs. In the seclusion of a monkish cell he dealt with documents concerning his bankrupt Spain, and his new realm of gold and savages across the sea. Clad in black, wearing black velvet shoes and a cap with black plumes, he went out into the miles of corridor mazes and inspected new decorations, criticizing fiercely some of the finest painters of all Europe. Finally, with his eyes on the church's altar, visible from his apartment through movable shutters, he died in an alcove hardly lighter or larger than a vault.

Focal point of the immense structure is a dim octagonal chamber, hardly thirty feet square, beneath the high altar of the church. Here in black marble tombs lie the kings of Spain and the mothers of kings. Alfonso XIII, while still king, is said to have pointed out to visitors the space reserved for him. Philip intended this last stand of royalty to remain stark and barren as the granite from which it was carved, but his successors tried to hide the starkness with bronze gilt and marble.

Note: El Escorial and other places affected by the Spanish Civil War are described in "Turbulent Spain," *National Geographic Magazine*, October, 1936; "Palette from Spain," March, 1936; "Montserrat, Spain's Mountain Shrine," January, 1933; "Madrid Out-of-Doors," August, 1931; "Pursuing Spanish Bypaths Northwest of Madrid," January, 1931; "Seville, More Spanish Than Spain," "On the Bypaths of Spain," and "Barcelona, Pride of the Catalans," March, 1929; "Balearics, Island Sisters of the Mediterranean," August, 1928; and "Adventurous Sons of Cádiz," and "From Granada to Gibraltar," August, 1924.

See also in the GEOGRAPHIC NEWS BULLETINS: "Toledo's Alcazar a Casualty in Spain's Civil Strife," week of October 12, 1936; "Spain—Country of Contrasts and Contradictions," week of October 5, 1936; "Sitges—Playground of Spain's Catalonia," week of May 4, 1936; "Catalonia, the Workshop of Spain," week of October 29, 1934; and "Granada Keeps Washington Irving's Memory Green," week of January 29, 1934.

Bulletin No. 1, November 9, 1936.



Photograph by Branson De Cou from Galloway

PAINTINGS AND FINE BOOKS BRIGHTEN GLOOMY EL ESCORIAL

Illumination meant color rather than light when Philip II built El Escorial, and the Library was "lighted" with vivid paintings and manuscripts. Rare old books displayed in glass cases include a copy of Virgil 500 years old and the Gospels literally with letters of gold. Old Arabic manuscripts taken from a captured ship were added to the collection, which comprises over 20,000 books. The celestial globe in the foreground, which once stood in Philip's cell-like study, was his substitute for a planetarium in studying the stars.

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Yugoslavia's Jigsaw Puzzle Coast

NOT often does an earthquake rattle up and down the Dalmatian coast of Yugoslavia. This is fortunate, because the entire Adriatic shoreline is a jigsaw puzzle of deep-cut bays, rocky islets, jagged peninsulas, and high cliffs, with intertwining waterways all around. Towns, homes, and castles in such exposed situations suffer from temblors, as was the case last month when quakes were reported from a long expanse of territory, extending from Venice, Italy, to Zara, Yugoslavia.

In earlier days, any news from this eastern shore of the Adriatic was likely to be bad news to the rest of Europe. It was haunted by shipwreck, freebooters, and the threat of invading eastern hordes. Nevertheless, it had its palmy days, especially when it was ruled by Venice, the city-state which was proclaimed Bride of the Adriatic with an annual ceremony of tossing a wedding ring to the sea. Miniature Doge's palazzos, campaniles, and cathedrals, decorated by famous Italian artists, are remnants of that domination.

Boats Have Trade Monopoly

A less decorative remainder of Venice's influence is the bareness of the gray limestone peaks of the Dinaric Alps, which tower forbiddingly above the narrow shelf of the Dalmatian coastline. Trees were stripped in great quantities from their sides to build ships which carried the fame of Venice to all parts of the Eastern Hemisphere and brought back treasures galore.

It is believed that a parallel spur of these Dinaric Alps provided the shoreline with its unique string of islands. During some early heaving of the earth's surface, the mountain range waded too deeply into the Adriatic and could thereafter succeed in keeping only its head above water. Its peaks and ridges form a fringe of several hundred islands, separated from the mainland by narrow channels and lagoons, which are so well protected and peaceful as to be virtually canals.

Coastwise travel is unusually convenient by boat. There is no railroad to challenge it.

The numerous islands resemble two schools of fish floating along the shore. The northern specimens are long and thin, like eels, swimming close to one another and overlapping, apparently heading south. South of Sibenik they are larger, rounder, farther apart, and more nearly perpendicular than parallel to the coast. Both groups are arranged like the interlocking pieces of a jigsaw puzzle which have been jarred apart.

Building Stones for Palaces and Skyscrapers

From Brac, the largest, to Lokrum (Lacroma), which is barely two square kilometers in extent, the islands are rich in history. Their carefully tended vineyards and olive groves produce the gourds of olive oil on sale in Yugoslavian market places, as well as sweet heady wines.

Some of the islands are bare and rocky, even without fresh water; hard-working peasant women can be seen carrying water-barrels on their backs over painfully rough roads, as in Korchula. The rocks, however, are not simply stumbling blocks to progress, for from them are quarried the stone and white

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Guatemalan highland villages woman's garb outshines that of her mate. In Santiago Atitlán, on the shores of Lake Atitlán, scarlet skirts, embroidered blouses, and a band like a "halo" around the hair (see illustration, below), make mere man unnoticeable. In Santos Tomás Chichicastenango a woman's skirt is short if she is unmarried and long if married.

Weaving of fabrics in some of the villages approaches real artistry. The *huipil*, or blouse, of San Antonio Aguas Calientes ("St. Anthony of the Hot Waters") is so smooth and tightly woven that it resembles tapestry. Wool, cotton, and silk are all employed in Guatemala's native costumes. Poverty and the introduction of cheap denims and other cloths, made in the United States and in Europe, however, threaten the Indian weaving. But already steps are being taken to encourage native crafts and to preserve the most distinctive native dress in North America.

Exhibits for the study of Guatemalan costumes and household utensils may be found in Washington, D. C., in the Smithsonian Institution and the National Geographic Society; New York City, Museum of the American Indian and its Study Annex; Chicago, the Field Museum; and Philadelphia, the University of Pennsylvania Museum.

Note: "Guatemala Interlude," in the October, 1936, issue of the *National Geographic Magazine*, describes the costumes and customs of this Central American republic, and shows a number of the costumes in color and in black and white illustrations.

See also: "Yucatan, Home of the Gifted Maya," *National Geographic Magazine*, November, 1936; "Preserving Ancient America's Finest Sculptures," November, 1935; "Unearthing America's Ancient History," July, 1931; "Guatemala, Land of Volcanoes and Progress," November, 1926; "Shattered Capitals of Central America," September, 1919; and "Excavations at Quirigua, Guatemala," March, 1913.

Photograph by Kurt Severin

"HALOED" WOMEN CROWD AROUND AS A NEIGHBOR BUYS A JAR

Advice, apparently, is cheap in Santiago Atitlán, an Indian village far back in the highlands of Guatemala. The "haloes" are made of tightly wound bands, often twenty feet long. The two women to the left of the pottery vender are not natives of the village, as is evident from the different pattern of their skirts, shawls, and head cloths. The child in the foreground wears a miniature replica of the dress of her mother.

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Ste. Anne de Beaupré, Canadian Mecca on the St. Lawrence

FIRE again has ravaged the town of Ste. Anne de Beaupré, site of the famous Canadian shrine. This historic village, in its two and a half centuries of existence, has several times been almost destroyed by burning. But, like the legendary Phoenix, it has always risen from its ashes in renewed splendor.

Its various rebirths have left Ste. Anne de Beaupré almost as fresh as when it was founded, about 1658. Pilgrims to the venerable town are impressed with its new lawns, young trees, new sidewalks, and many new buildings, which stand out sharply against surviving older structures.

Called the Lourdes of America

Ste. Anne de Beaupré is the hub of the Catholic Canadian countryside and a pilgrimage center for the United States as well. Stories of miraculous cures have attracted a steady stream of the halt, the lame, the blind, the ailing, the devout, and the curious, as many as three hundred thousand in a year. It has been called the Lourdes of America, after the larger French center of healing and pilgrimage.

The town is a mere spatter of gray stone and wooden buildings beside the St. Lawrence River, 22 miles northeast of Quebec. Steeples rise like exclamation points above the trees to proclaim its presence. Around it rich farmland rolls from the north bank of the river up the gentle slopes of the Laurentian Mountains. Paths wander over the hillsides, where trees half hide old homes, convents, and monasteries. Farms make brown and gold patches against the deep green that clothes the mountains.

Most striking is the Basilica, or "royal house" of Ste. Anne, a new white granite church. It stands in a wide square opposite the newly opened sanatorium. Seeming even smaller in contrast with its proud religious structures, the town proper is a group of tall, many-windowed houses, rising porchless and straight from narrow sidewalks, with crests of dormer windows along their steep roofs. They are mainly lodgings for visitors rather than homes for the two or three thousand residents. Shops and booths carry on a flourishing business in souvenirs, small shrines, and other mementos.

Established by Grateful Sailors

Some Breton seamen of the mid-seventeenth century, finding their lives in danger during a storm on the St. Lawrence, vowed to honor "La Bonne Ste. Anne" wherever they were permitted to land. The storm dropped them safely ashore on the Beaupré coast at Petit Cap. The present Basilica, opened in 1934, but still incomplete, is the sixth church to shelter the shrine they established. Nearby is the famed stairway which pilgrims ascend only on their knees.

Ste. Anne de Beaupré started its career as a Mecca for devout or invalid pilgrims as early as 1670. Tradition reports a pilgrimage of Hurons, who traveled on the St. Lawrence in their canoes to reach the primitive wooden shrine of the grandmother of Jesus.

Note: Additional material and photographs about French Canada, including Ste. Anne de Beaupré, will be found in the following: "Gaspe Peninsula Wonderland," *National Geographic Magazine*, August, 1935; "Old France in Modern Canada," February, 1935; "Quebec, Capital of French Canada," April, 1930; "By Seaplane to Six Continents," September, 1928; "Canada from the Air," October, 1926; and "Great Britain's Bread upon the Waters," March, 1916.

Bulletin No. 4, November 9, 1936.

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marble which have gone into Istanbul's Sancta Sofia, most of Venice's palaces and churches, and even several skyscrapers in New York City.

The barrenness of limestone islands is balanced by the productive Adriatic, teeming with fish. Three hundred kinds are known. Sardines are caught by thousands of tons, and tunny and anchovies swell the catch. Coral and sponge-fishing also employ the coast's ten thousand fishermen.

Fishing Done at Night

The inter-island lagoons, their deep blue deepened into green by reflections of olive groves and palms, are dotted with boats of every color, always banded with brighter stripes. Their triangular sails, swinging rakishly from slanting masts, are usually furled during the day, for most of the fishing is done at night.

This coast has been well acquainted with royalty. Five men went from here to rule the Roman empire, and one, Diocletian, withdrew here to spend his old age raising the popular local brand of cabbage. Richard the Lion-Hearted was shipwrecked here, on the same island which later became a residence of Archduke Maximilian, ill-fated Emperor of Mexico.

A less familiar celebrity was Queen Teuta, Illyria's Amazonian pirate. Traditions and the family name survive here from a visit of that king of adventurers, Marco Polo. Earlier this year, King Edward VIII, of England, chose the Dalmatian coast for a vacation cruise. In his honor the island of Kutiotok was renamed Edward Island.

Note: Yugoslavia is also described in "Jugoslavia—Ten Years After," *National Geographic Magazine*, September, 1930; "Dalmatian Days," January, 1928; "From England to India by Automobile," August, 1925; "Looking Down on Europe," March, 1925; "The New Map of Europe," February, 1921; and "The Races of Europe," December, 1918.

Bulletin No. 3, November 9, 1936.

Photograph by Melville Chater

DAISIES—NOT FOR TELLING, BUT FOR KILLING

In Trogir (Trau), one of the ports along Yugoslavia's Dalmatian coast, daisy heads are spread on a canvas-covered pavement near the docks. After the warm sun has dried them they will be packed into bags for export as a basis for insect powder. Trogir is truly a picture town, built on an islet lying between a larger island and the mainland. Its medieval towers, quaint old houses, its Lion of St. Mark, and its campanile all bear the stamp of Venice.

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Fairs Put the World in a Showcase

THE past month proved that it is always "fair" weather somewhere in the world. State fairs, county fairs, flower shows, horse shows, dairy shows in the United States are part of the international pageant of commerce. Practically every country stages its own act in this dramatizing of business.

Austria attracted the traveling salesmen of central Europe to the annual fall fair in Vienna. Foreign, as well as local, exhibitors displayed everything from earrings to tractors. Southern Italy's Bari, on the Adriatic, included in its fair the products of its Balkan neighbors across the sea.

London has presented several special types of fairs, with exhibits of new inventions or medical products, and Leicester offered a display of textile machinery. Meanwhile, other sections of Great Britain followed their immemorial custom—horse fairs in Ireland and in the Lake District, the Onion Fair at Birmingham, and the picturesque old "Mop Fair" at Stratford-on-Avon.

Began When Business Was on the Barter Standard

Some fall fairs may be concerned with supplies for winter sports, as was a part of the Vienna fair, but the serious business of fall fairs has always been disposal of summer's crops and preparing for winter needs. These activities have brought fairs into being since Chinese merchants met 3,000 years ago at some handy crossroads, when trade really meant trade and business was on the barter standard.

Ancient Greeks and their Roman imitators held periodic fairs enlivened with games and sanctified by religious trimmings. Shrewd medieval merchants reaped the rewards of virtue when they journeyed to the nearest religious center —and set up booths during a church festival. So general was this practice that in some languages the word for "church service" included that for "fair."

The hiring of servants and the settlement of marriage contracts were deals no more out of place on medieval midways than the exchange of cattle or the sale of horses. In Transylvania, some Romanian lasses still bring their trousseaux to the annual fair—not for sale, but for bait, with the hope that handiwork will lure husbands.

Samples Simplify Sales

Merrymaking at early fairs, developing wherever good fellows got together over a good bargain, became such an important factor that it soon set up in business for itself. It was primly set apart in England from the more serious industrial fair by the term, "pleasure fair." One of these, the rowdy St. Bartholomew's Fair, lasted in London until 1926. A pleasure fair is still found at Uxbridge, and in the St. Giles' Fair at Oxford and Bath's Cage Bird Fair. St. Matthew's Day Fairs in Dorset and Somerset towns are other survivals of the early linking of fun with religion.

The fair until recently held at Stourbridge had continued for a thousand years. It was credited with attracting the people for whom and by whom Cambridge University was founded.

The old-fashioned fair to which products were brought, sold, and carted away is now being replaced by the modern exhibition for special types of products, whether office equipment or chemical products. Such an exhibit, or fair, is simply a huge sample case, where buyers make choices but not purchases. Mass produc-

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Photograph by Publishers' Photo Service

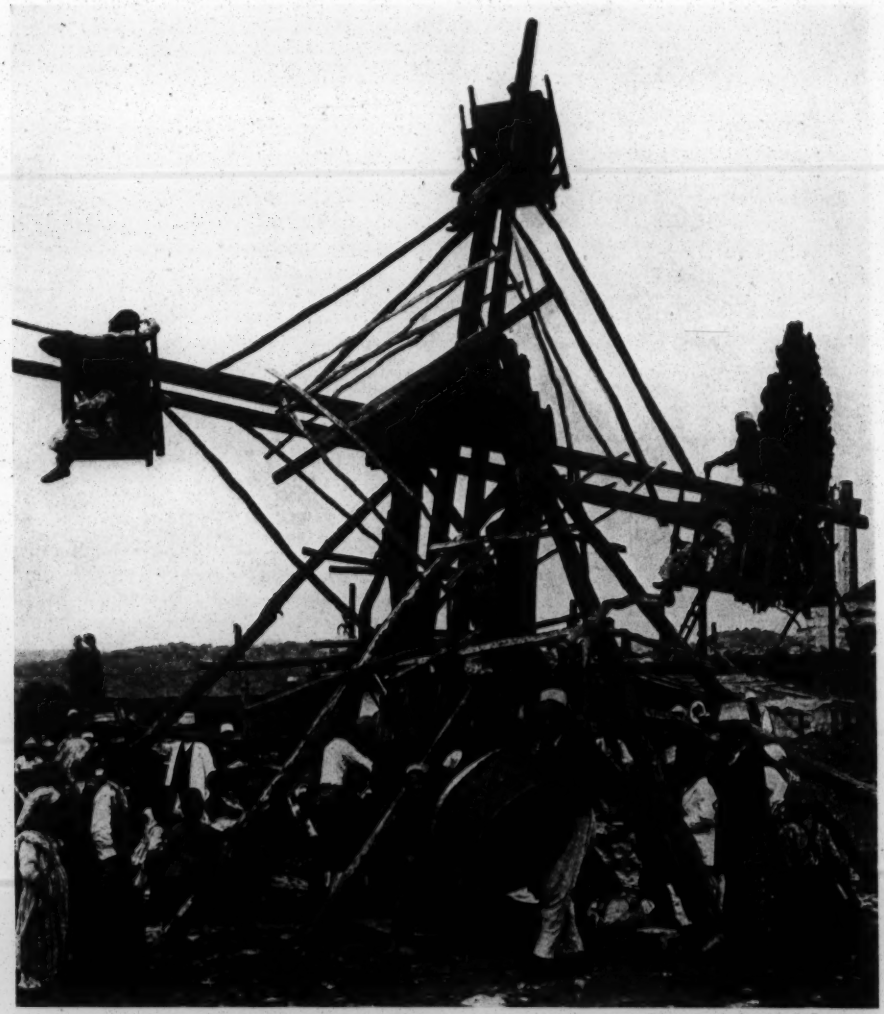
FLAGS AND BRASS BANDS ACCOMPANY A RELIGIOUS CELEBRATION IN STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRE

A sign of the town's modern spirit is its provision for traffic—the Quebec highway for its main street, and adjacent parking space. These parking lots harbor automobiles and buses from Canada and the United States besides horses and buggies from the neighborhood. Congestion is nevertheless a serious problem on special occasions, such as St. John's Day, June 24, or Ste. Anne's Day, July 26, when the local population is multiplied by ten.

tion assures them of having their orders filled with identical goods from the factory. Such are the modern fairs at Leipzig, Lyons, Basel, Praha, and Maxim Gorki (Nizhni Novgorod) in Russia. The latter, after a period of neglect, is attempting a come back.

Perhaps the most famous of these periodic show-cases is Leipzig, called the oldest fair because of its continuous existence for seven centuries.

Note: Among the numerous pictures and descriptions of fairs to be found in the *National Geographic Magazine*, several are included in the following stories: "Guatemala Interlude," October, 1936; "Capital Cities of Australia," December, 1935; "The Spell of Romania." April, 1934; "Europe's Newest Kingdom" (Albania), February, 1931; and "Manchuria, Promised Land of Asia," October, 1929.



Photograph by Merl La Voy

AN ANCESTOR OF THE MODERN FERRIS WHEEL

Albanian fairs have all the fun if not quite the same trimmings as American fairs. A crude device made of logs and sticks, probably similar to this one, gave Ferris inspiration for the 1,000-passenger wheel which he built for the first Chicago World's Fair.

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